NEW SONGS IN THE THIRD PART OF THE Comical History OF DON QUIXOTE.

Written by Mr. *D'URFEY*.

And Sung at the

Theatre Royal.

With other New Songs by Mr. *D'Urfey*.

Being the laſt Piece ſet to Muſick by the late Famous Mr. Henry Purcell: *And by* Mr. Courtiville, Mr. Akeroyd, *and other Eminent Maſters of the Age.*

Engrav'd on Copper-Plates.

LONDON,

Printed for *Sam[illegible]coe*, at the Corner-ſhop of *Charles-ſtreet*, in *Ruſſel-ſtreet*, *Covent-Garden*, 1696.

Price Three Shillings.

Where are alſo to be had, the Firſt and Second Parts of Mr. *D'Urfey's* Songs, ſet to Muſick by Mr *Henry Purcell*.

Lam
Sandell.

The first Song in the Second Act sung by one representing Joy.

Victumnus Flora you that bless ye feilds where war

bling Philomell war *bling Philomel in sa-*

fety builds and to ye Nymphs to ye Nymphs *and Swains that revell revell*

revell ore these plains yt re *vel ore these plains*

Dispose ye Joy *dispose ye Joy* *Dis*

pose ye Joy *s that Heav'n and nature yeilds*

call Hymen call Hymen call call call call *call Hymen from his*

merry merry merry merry merry merry merry home from his merry merry merry merry

home from his merry merry merry merry home call Hymen call call Hymen

from his merry me ..... merry home bid him prepare prepare bid him prepare prepare

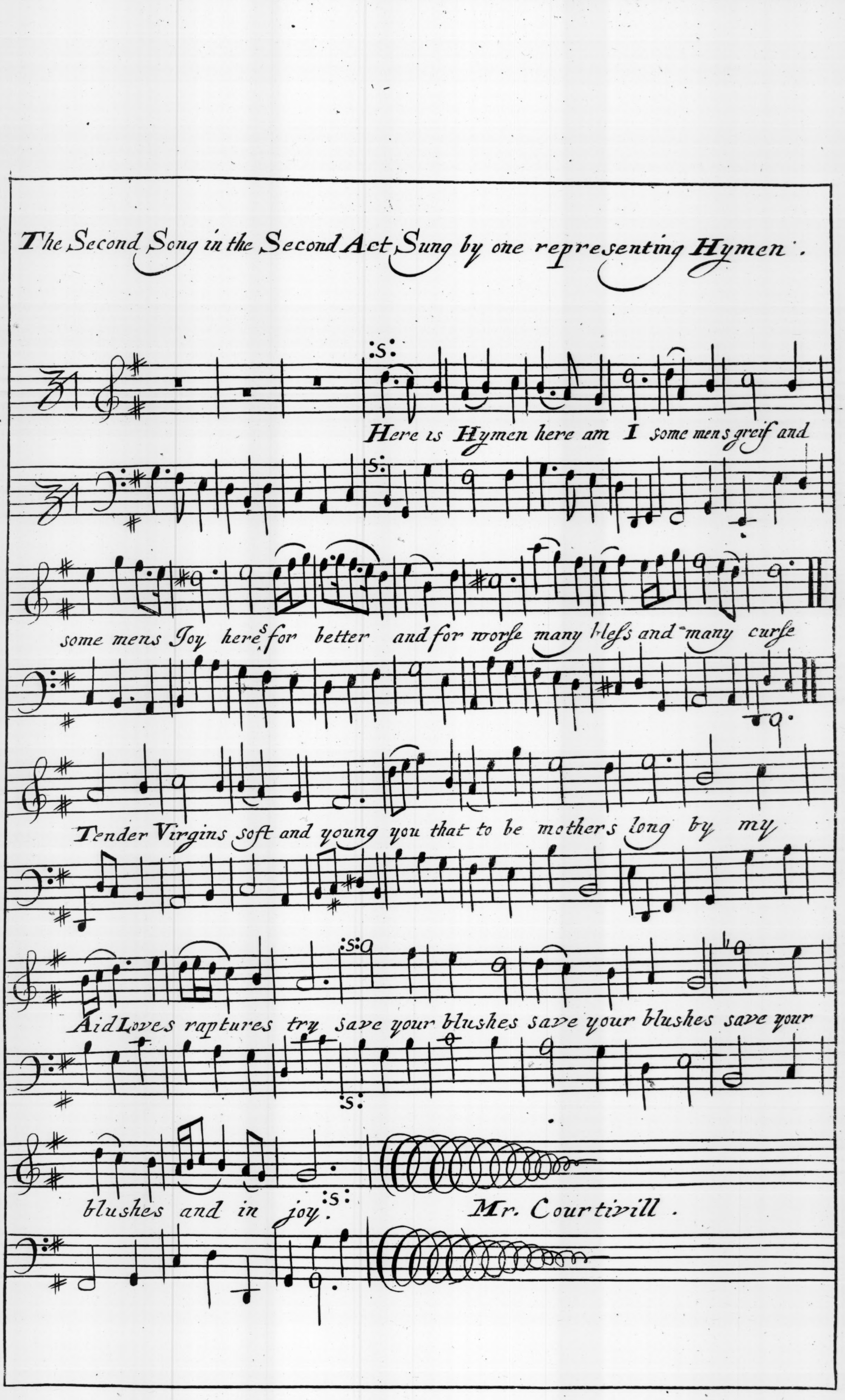
bid him prepare prepare prepare his Torch & come to sing and drink to sing and drink to

sing & drink full Bowles call call call Loud call call call loud loud call loud and

say tis beauty's feast tis beauty's feast tis beauty's feast Qui teras weding day tis

beautys feast Qui teras weding day Qui teras weding day. Mr. Courtivill.

The Second Song in the Second Act Sung by one representing Hymen.



The last Song in the 2d Act.
set by Mr. Courtivill.

Cease Hymen cease, Cease Hymen cease

thy brow thy brow, lett dis- cord ave lett discord

dis- cord ave thow heavy, heavy yoake, where fools where fools, w[th]

trouble trou- ble draw

Ime Sworn foe to all Ime Sworn foe to

all Ime Sworn foe to all to all Ime

Sworn foe to all too all Ime Sworn foe to all to

all to all ---------- thy law does bind, to all ... to all, to all ----------

---------- thy law does bind marrage from first Marrage from first

creation was ----- design'd, a Curse, a Curse, a Curse, a Curse, Intaild

on wretched, wretched, wretch ---------- ed wretched humain

kind; ---------- I'me Sworn foe to all --- I'me

Sworn foe to all ---- I'me Sworn foe to all ---- I'me Sworn

foe to all ... to all, to all ---------- thy law does bind, to all, to

all, to all ---------- thy law does bind, cease Hymen, cease

cease Hymen, cease, cease thy brow, let dis

cord ave; tis noble, noble, discord. tis noble,

tis no ble discord, genrous

Strife, that gives the truest, tast, the truest tast, the truest truest tast, of

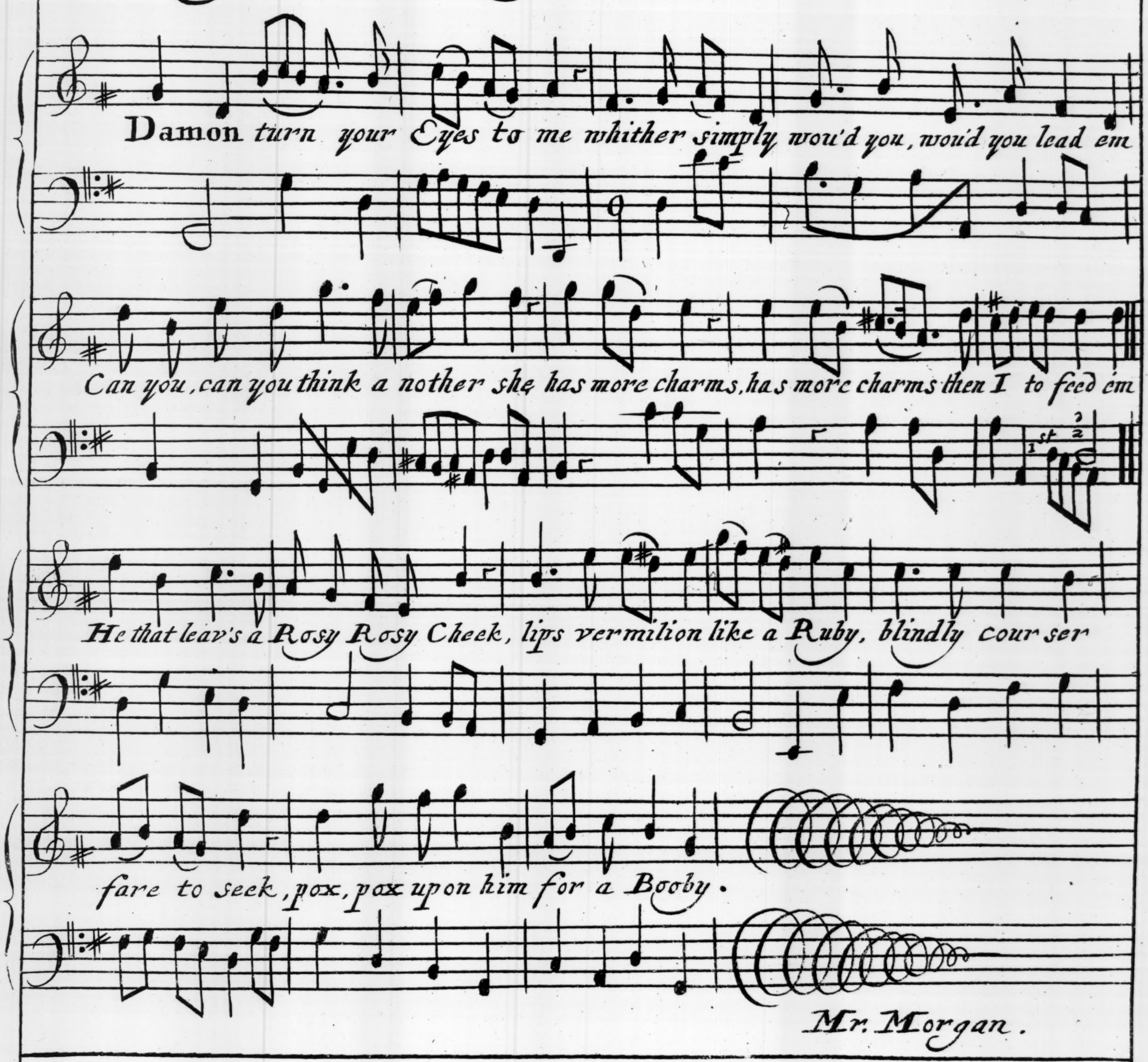
life; Marrage first, first made man fall, fall, fall, fall,

Marrage, marrage, marrage, first made man fall, had I bin in y^e

garden plas't, the Woman nere had made him, made him tast, twas foolish Loveing

twas fooli sh Loveing damn'd us all, twas fool ish Loveing damn'd us all.

The 1.st Song in the 3.d Act Sung by Altisidora to Don Quixote.



II

If a smile the Lover's Joy
Can allure, I'l do't divinly,
Or dée love a sleepy Eye,
Here is one can Oagle finely;
Charms would make another man
Gaze an age, I'l shew to win ye,
And when I've shewn all I can,
If you goe? the Devil's in ye.

3

The Courtier for her favour
Would Slight his Golden Claimes
The Jacobite to have her
Would quite abjure King Iames
The Ruddy Plump Judge
That Cricuits do's trudge
Would Managing Tryalls defer
Postpone A Cause
And wrest the Lawes
To gett but the managing her

4

The Generall would leave Booming
Of Towns in hott Campaigns
The Bishop his Prim and Thummin
And Plaguing his Learned Brains
One fighting would mock
And tother his Flock
A Pin for Relligion or france
This Shun the Warr's
And that his Prayres
If Peggy but gave A Glance

5

The Powderd Playhous Ninny
With much lesse Braines then Haire
That deal's with Moll & Ienny
& Tawdry Comon ware
If Peggy once hee
Saw under A Tree
With Rosie Chapletts Crownd
Heed Roar and Scowre
And Curse the hour
That ere he Saw London-Town

6

The Saylor usd to Slaughter
In Ship's of Oak Strong Wallid
Whose Shott twixt wind & Water
The French Jam foutres mauld
If Peggy Once there
Her Vessell Should Steer
And gave ye Rough Captain a Blow
Heed Give his Eyes
And next French Prize
That he might but thump her Soe

7

The Docter here half Sainted
For Cures Controwling fate
That has Warme Engines Planted
At many a Postern Gate
If Peggy were ill
And wanted his Skill
Heed Soon bring her to deaths door
By Love made Blind
Slip from behind
And make his Injection before

8

The Cit that in Old Sodome
Sitts Cheating round ye Yeare
And to my Lord & Madam
Putts of his tarnisht Ware
This Sneaking Young Fop
Would give his whole Shop
To gett pretty Peggy's good will
To have her Stock
Soe Close kept Lockt
And putt in a Key to her Till

9

Yet tho' She Hearts disposes
And all things at her point
Tho' London Iennys Nose is
Like others out of Ioynt
Yet She has one fault
Which Ienny has not
Who Loves happy Lawes has Obeyd
For Peggy dos Slight
And Starve her delight
To keep the dull name of A Maid

A Song Sung by 5 Country Men.

at Mary the Buxoms Wedding.

1st 1. Country Man — 2d 2. Country Man

Come all, Great, Small, Short, Tall, away to Stool ball. Down in a Vale on a Summers

day, all the Ladds, and Lasses mett to be Merry, 3d 3. Co. Man a Match for Kisses att Stool ball

play, & for Cakes and Ale and Sider and Perry. Will, & Tom, Hall, Dick, & Hugh, Kate

Doll, Sue, Bess, & Moll, with Hodge and Bridget, & James, and Nanny, But when plump Criss 4th 4. Co. Man

gott the ball in her Mutton fist, Once fretted, she'd hitt it further than any. Running.

Hareing, Gapeing, Stareing, Reaching, Stooping, Hollowing, Hooping, Sun a Setting, all thought fitting, 5th Co. Man

by concent to rest em. Hall gott Sue, and Doll gott Hugh, all took by turns their Lasses & Buss'd em. 2d 2. Co Man

Jolly Ralph, was in with Pegg, tho' freekl'd like a Turkey Egg, & she as right as is my Legg, still gave 3d 3. Co Man

him leave to towse her. Harry then to Katey Swore, her Duggs were pritty tho' they were all sweaty, & 4th 4. Co Man

large as any Cows are. Tom mellancholly was with his Lass, for Sue do what ere he could wou'd 5th 5. Co. Man

not note him. Some had told her being a Souldier, in a Party with Macarty, at ye Seige of Liminick, 2d 2. Co Man

he was wounded in the Scrotum. But the cunning Philly, was more kind to Willy, who of all 3d 3. Co. Man

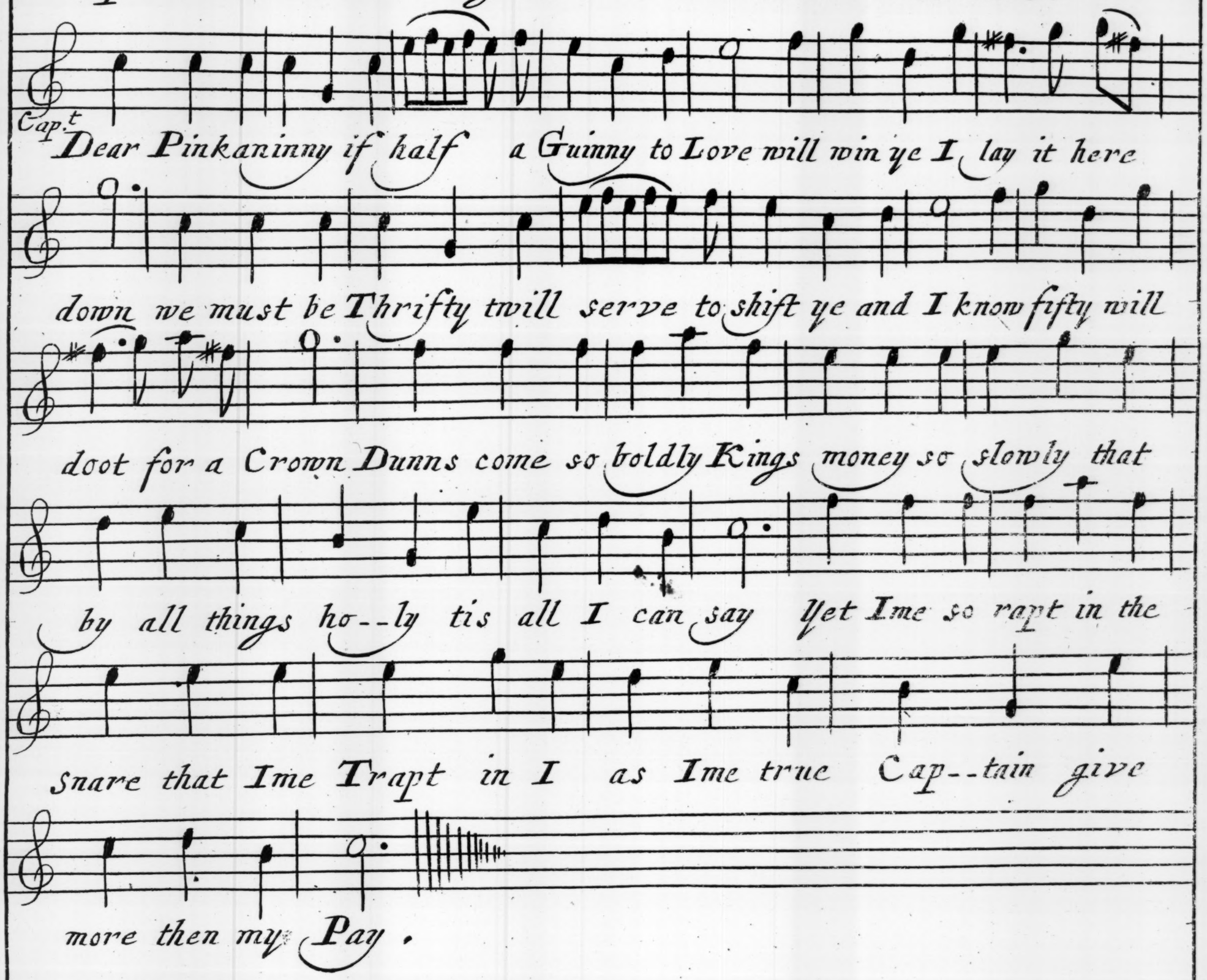
their Ally was the Ablest Ringer. He to carry on ye Jest, begins a Bumper to the best, & 4 Co Man

winks att her of all the rest, and Squeez'd her by the fingers. Then went the Glasses round,

Then went the Lasses down, each Lad did his sweet heart owne, & on the Grass did fling 1st 1. Co. Man

her. Com all, Great, Small, Short, Tall, away to Stool ball.

A Song in the 4th Act Intended to be Sung by 2 Poppets one representing A Captain tother a Town Miss. and set to a Minuet.



II

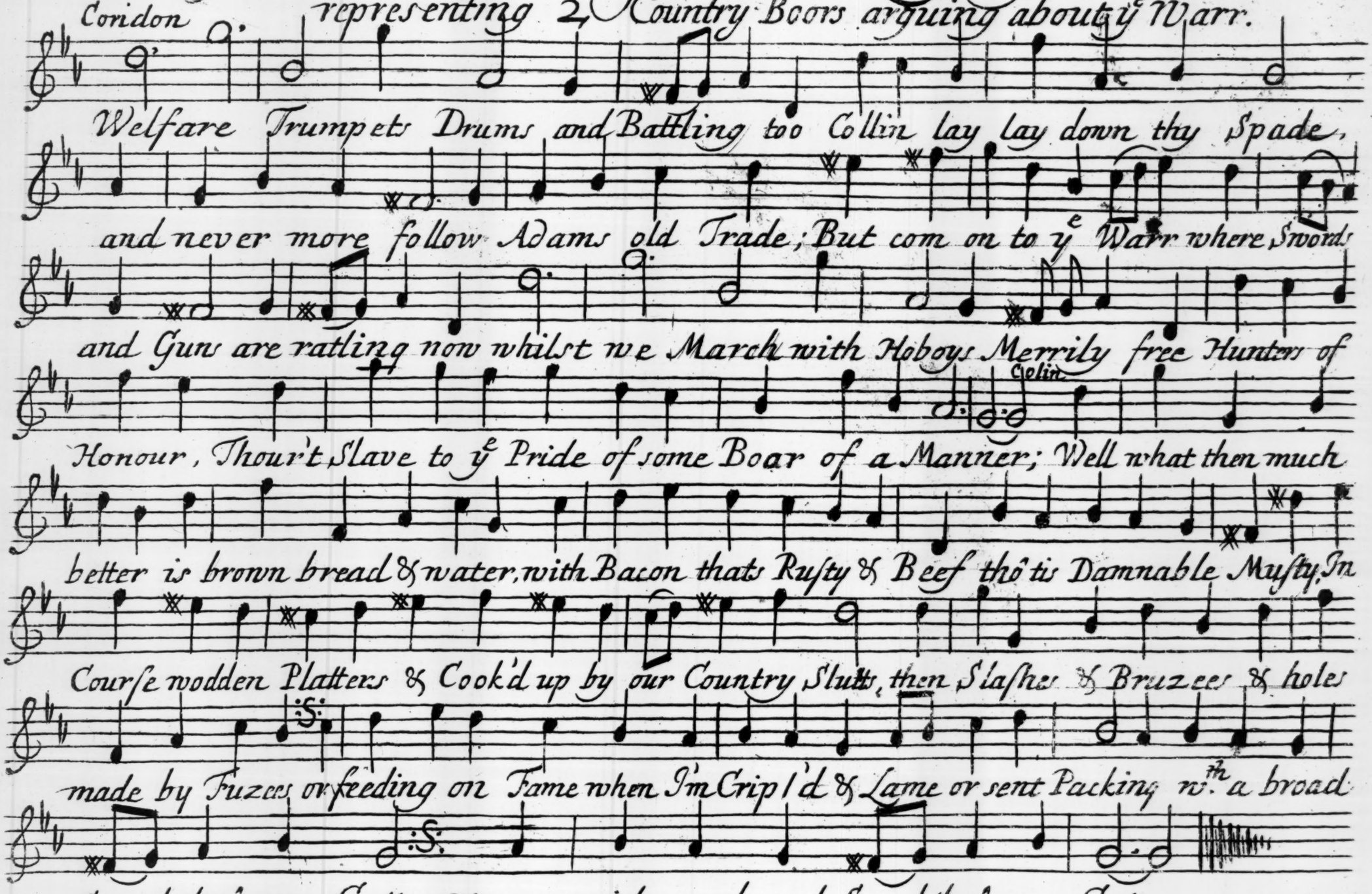
Miss. Good Captain Thunder
Go mind your Plunder
Odzounds I wonder
You dare be so bold
Thus to be making
A Treaty so sneaking
Or dream of taking
My Fort with small Gold.

III

Other Town Misses
May gape at Ten peices
But who me posseses
Full twenty shall pay
To all poor Rogues in Buff
Thus thus I strut and huff
So Captain kick and cuff
March on your way.

A Dialogue in the 5th. Act for Mr. Leveridge & Mr. Edwards.

Coridon representing 2 Country Boors arguing about ye Warr.



Coridon

Dull fool rail no more at Caveleering,
What a Damn'd Scandal it is,
To sneak here at home.
Grow mouldy with peace,
When Loud Fame calls thee out,

Where bold Dragoons are Domaneering,
Thou'lt see fortune ready to befriend thee,
If thou art wounded,
For Honour and Valour,
Preferments propounded,

Colin

I fear my Comission,
Will prove but a Vision,
For when I am posted,
On mines, where I'm like to be rosted,
Tis forty to one but I'm puff'd from my future Comand,

Or if with much Toyling,
I chance to scape Broyling,
A Damn'd bitt of Lead,
Drills me quite thro' the Head,
How ye Devil then shall I kiss ye Kings hand,
Zoons how shall I kiss ye Kings hand,

To the 2d. part of ye Tune

Coridon

From Bullets and fire,
Tho oft we retire,
Our wishes we Crown,
When we enter a Town,
That is Rich where the Lasses are kind,
And the Plunder's refreshing and Coole,

Colin

But what if foul Weather
Won't let us com thither
The Trench full of Water
Then is not better
Ly safe at home & our Plowjobbers rule

Coridon

Gad Zooks youre a Cowardly fool.

A Dialogue Sung by A Boy and Girl. Suppos'd a Brother & Sister. set by Mr. Akeroyd

He

Ah my dearest, my dearest, my dearest. Celide, tother day, tother day, tother

day, I ask'd my mother why thy lodging chang'd must be, why thy lodging chang'd

She

must be, why not, Still why not, Still, Still, Still lye with thy Brother I, remember

well you did, and I know to what she Said, Lifs is is a great Boy great Boy grown.

Cho:

therefore now must lye a lone, therefore. now must lye a lone. To part us the

To part us the

He

custome of modesty votes. Or you had long Coats,

custome of modesty votes, Unless you had Britches. Unless you had

Or you had long coat's, to part us the custome of Modesty Votes,

britches, to part us the custom of modesty Votes, unless you had

She

Or you had long Coat's,

He

britches I wonder what's In my little tinny britches, Sure, ther Some

she

whichcraft in the Stiches. Or what Divell here resid's, that my petty coat's thus hid's, for

He she He she He she

I long for a kiss, So do I, So do I, for I long for a kiss, So doe I, So do I, Mother laugh's an hour or

two when I Sometim's ask to know why, a he and a She, why a he and a She, may not bed

at our Size as well as two girls, Or as well as two boys, as well as two girls, or as well as

He slow

two boys, I will, Since I am kept from you, gett a wife, gett a wife as Soon, as may be,

She

and Ile gett a Husband too, three times bigger, three times bigger, three times

Cho

bigger, three times bigger, then my baby. Letts laugh then and follow our

Letts laugh then and follow our

innocent play, And kiss when Mamma is gon out of the way, For I feare

innocent play, And kiss when Mamma is gone out of the way,

for I fear wee shall cry, when wee know tis all that a Brother, tis all that a

for I fear wee shall cry, when wee know tis all that a Brother, tis all that a

Brother, and Sister may do.

Brother, and Sister may do.

A Song Sung by Altisidora in the 5.th Act of Don Quixote, Sett by Mr. Purcell.

From Rosie Bow'rs where Sleeps ye God of Love, hither, hither, Yee little waiting Cupids

fly, fly ---- flu ---- hither yee little waiting Cupids fly, teach me teach me in Soft me-

lodious Strains to move wt: tender tender passion my hearts my hearts Darling Joy, ah let ye

Soul of Musick tune my Voice, to win dear Strephon, ah, ah Let ye Soul of Musick tune my Voice, to win dear

Strephon, Dear, Dear, Dear Strephon who my Soul enjoy's; Or if more Influencing is to be brisk & airy,

with a Step & a bound & a frisk from ye Ground I will trip like any Fairy as once an Idd Dancing where three

Ccelestiall Bodies wth an air & face & a Shape & a Grace let me Charme like beauty's Goddess with an air & a

face & a Shape & a Grace let me Charm like Beauty's Goddess; Ah, Ah tis in Vain, tis all, tis all, all, in

Vain, Death & Dispair must end ye fatall pain, Cold dispair cold, cold dispair, disguis'd like Snow & Rain

falls, falls, falls on my Brest, bleak winds in Tempests Blow---- in Tempest Blow---- my Vains all Shiver & my

fingers Glow, my Pulce Beats a Dead dead March, my Pulce Beats a Dead Dead March, for lost repose & to a Solid lump of

Ice my poor, poor fond Heart is froze; Or Say yee pow'rs Say, Say yee pow'rs my peace to

Crown Shall I, Shall I, Shall I, Thaw my Self or Drown, Shall I, Shall I, Shall I, Thaw my Self or Drown, a mong'st ye foaming-

Billows increasing all wth. tears I Shed on Beds of Ooze & Christiall pillows lay down, down my Love sick head, Say, Say ye

Pow'rs my peace to Crown Shall I, Shall I, Shall I, Thaw my Self or Drown; No, no, no, no, no Ile Streight run Mad, mad, mad, mad, mad that

Soon, ye Soon, my heart will warm when once ye Sence is fled, is fled, Love, Love has no power, no, no, no, no Love has no pow'r; no

no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no pow'r to Charm, wild thro' the Wood's Ile fly---- wile thro' ye

woods Ile fly---- Robes Locks shall thus, thus, thus, thus be tore a Thousand, Thousand Death's

Ile Dy, a 1000 --:||:-- Death Ile dye, ere thus, thus in vain, ere thus, thus in vain thus in

vain adore.

09:1:83